To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would ſpeak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I ſay, I would be king.
Buck. Why, ſo you are, my thrice-renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis ſo: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtill ſhould live,—true, noble prince!—
Couſin, thou waſt not wont to be ſo dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wiſh the baſtards dead;
And I would have it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeak ſuddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleaſure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindneſs freezes:
Say, have I thy conſent, that they ſhall die?
Buck. Give me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe, dear lord,
Before I poſitively ſpeak in this:
I will reſolve your grace immediately. [*Exit* BUCK.
Cate. The king is angry[8]; ſee, he gnaws his lip[9].
[*Aſide.*
K. Rich. I will converſe with iron-witted fools,
[*deſcends from his throne.*
And unreſpective boys[1]; none are for me,
That look into me with conſiderate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumſpect.—
Boy,—
Page. My lord.

Again, in the epiſtle of *Mary the French Queen* to *Charles Brandon*, by Drayton:

"Before mine eye, like *touch*, thy ſhape did prove."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iii:

"Though true as *touch*, though daughter of a king." STEEV.

9 —*ſee, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient hiſtorians obſerve, that this was an accuſtomed action of Richard, whether he was penſive or angry. STEEVENS.

1 *And* unreſpective *boys*;—] *Unreſpective* is inattentive, taking no notice, inconſiderate. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

"When diſſolute impiety poſſeſs'd
"The *unreſpective* minds of prince and people." STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a cloſe exploit of death[2]?
Page. I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty[3] Buckingham
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels:
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath?—well, be it ſo.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorſet, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Cateſby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous ſick;
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Enquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is fooliſh[4], and I fear not him.—
Look,

2 —*cloſe exploit*—] is ſecret act. JOHNSON.

3 —*witty*—] in this place ſignifies *judicious* or cunning. A *wit* was not at this time employed to ſignify *a man of fancy*, but was uſed for *wiſdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:
"Although unwiſe to live, had *wit* to die."
Again, in one of Ben Jonſon's *Maſques*:
"And at her feet do *witty* ſerpents move." STEEVENS.

4 *The boy is fooliſh*,—] Shakſpeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any hiſtorian that he had then exhibited any ſymptoms of folly. Being confined by Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Boſworth, and his education being conſequently entirely neglected, he is deſcribed by Polydore Virgil at the time of his death (in 1499) as an idiot; and his account (which was copied by Hall and Holinſhed) was certainly a ſufficient authority for Shakſpeare's repreſentation. "Edouardus Varvici comes in carcere ab incunabulis

Look, how thou dream'ſt!—I ſay again, give out,
That Anne my queen is ſick, and like to die:
About it; for it ſtands me much upon,
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.—
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I muſt be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or elſe my kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin[5].
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel[6]?

extra hominum ferarumque conſpectum nutritus, qui gallinam ab anſere non facile internoſceret, cum nullo ſuo delicto ſupplicium quærere poſſet, alieno ad id tractus eſt." MALONE.

[5] —*But I am in*
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.] The ſame reflections occur in *Macbeth*:

" ——*I am in blood*
" *Step'd in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,*
" *Returning were as tedious, &c.*

Again:

" *Things bad begun make ſtrong themſelves by ill.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Is thy name—Tyrrel?*] It ſeems, that a late editor (who boaſts much of his fidelity in "marking the places of action, both general and particular, and ſupplying ſcenical directions") throughout this ſcene, has left king Richard *on his throne*; whereas he might have learnt from the following paſſage in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the preſent interview with Tyrrel, on *an elevation of much leſs dignity*. "The beſt part (ſays Sir John) of our chronicles, in all men's opinions is that of Richard the third, written as I have heard by Moorton, but as moſt ſuppoſe, by that worthy and incorrupt magiſtrate Sir Thomas More, ſometime lord chancellor of England, where it is ſaid, how the king was deviſing with *Teril* to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, *he was then ſitting on a draught*; a fit carpet for ſuch a counſel." See likewiſe *Holinſhed*, Vol. II. p. 735. STEEVENS.

For Richard's mode of proceeding on this occaſion, there are, it appears, many ancient and *dignified* precedents. "Maximilian the emperor," ſays old Montaigne, "with other cuſtomes of his had this one, moſt contrary to *other princes, (who, to diſpatch their weightieſt affaires, make often their c—e s—l their regal throne or council-chamber,)* which was," &c. Florio's Tranſlation, 1603. MALONE.

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your moſt obedient ſubject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Pleaſe you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon *:
Tyrrel, I mean, thoſe baſtards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And ſoon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet muſick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Riſe, and lend thine ear:
[*Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will diſpatch it ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have conſider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did ſound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that reſt. Dorſet is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's ſon:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford [7], and the moveables,
Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.

K. Rich.

* — deal *upon:*] i. e. act upon. We ſhould now ſay—deal *with*; but the other was the phraſeology of our authour's time. See Vol. VII. p. 523, n. 6. MALONE.

7 *The earldom of Hereford, &c.*] Thomas duke of Gloſter, the fifth ſon of Edward the Third, married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey de Bohun earl of Hereford. The duke of Gloſter's nephew, Henry earl of Derby, (the eldeſt ſon of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſon of Edward the Third,) who was afterwards K. Henry IV. married the other daughter of the earl of Hereford. The

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if ſhe convey
Letters to Richmond, you ſhall anſwer it.

Buck. What ſays your highneſs to my juſt requeſt?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the ſixth
Did propheſy, that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeviſh boy.
A king!—perhaps—[8]

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time.
Have told me, I being by[9], that I ſhould kill him?

moiety of the Hereford eſtate, which had been poſſeſſed by that king, was ſeized on by Edward IV. as legally devolved to the crown, on its being transferred from the houſe of Lancaſter to that of York. Henry Stafford duke of Buckingham was lineally deſcended from Thomas duke of Gloſter, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandſon of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his anceſtors had poſſeſſed one half of the Hereford eſtate; and he claimed and *actually obtained* from Richard III. after he uſurped the throne, the reſtitution of the other half, which had been ſeized on by Edward; and alſo the earldom of Hereford, and the office of Conſtable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. See Dugdale's *Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 168, 169. Many of our hiſtorians however aſcribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refuſing to reſtore the moiety of the Hereford eſtate; and Shakſpeare has followed them.

Thomas duke of Gloſter was created earl of Hereford in 1386 by K. Richard II. on which ground the duke of Buckingham had ſome pretenſions to claim a new grant of the *title*; but with reſpect to the moiety of the eſtate, he had not a ſhadow of right to it; for ſuppoſing that it devolved to Edward IV. with the crown, it became, after the murder of his ſons, the joint property of his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV. it belonged to the right heirs of King Henry VI. MALONE.

[8] *A king! perhaps*—] From hence to the words, *Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever ſince the firſt editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

Mr. Pope is inaccurate; the omiſſion extended only to—*I am not in the giving vein to day.* MALONE.

The alluſions to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of theſe diſputed pieces. JOHNSON.

Theſe alluſions, I truſt, have been ſufficiently accounted for in the *Diſſertation* annexed to the preceding play. MALONE.

[9] — *I being by*,—] The duke of Gloſter was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. See p. 356. Our authour ſeldom took the trouble to turn to the plays to which he referred. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When laſt I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courteſy ſhew'd me the caſtle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I ſtarted;
Becauſe a bard of Ireland told me once,
I ſhould not live long after I ſaw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the ſtroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it ſtrike.

Buck. Why let it ſtrike?

K. Rich. Becauſe that, like a Jack, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke[1]
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then reſolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troubleſt me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD *and Train.*

Buck. Is it even ſo? repays he my deep ſervice

[1] *Becauſe, that, like a Jack, &c.*] An image, like thoſe at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet-ſtreet, and at the market-houſes at ſeveral towns in this kingdom, was uſually called a *Jack of the clock-houſe*. See Cowley's *Diſcourſe on the Government of Oliver Cromwell*. [Vol. II. p. 650, edit. 1710.] Richard reſembles Buckingham to one of thoſe automatons, and bids him not ſuſpend the ſtroke on the clock-bell, but ſtrike, that the hour may be paſt, and himſelf be at liberty to purſue his meditations. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— Is this your *Jack o' the clock*-houſe?
"Will you *ſtrike*, ſir?"

Again, in a pamphlet by Decker, called the *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—but howſoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to ſtrike eleven, as ſoon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery contreyne you any longer." STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 101, n. 5. Theſe automatons were called *Jacks* of the clock-houſe, becauſe *Jack* in our authour's time was a common appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in ſervile offices. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

With ſuch contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Haſtings; and be gone
To Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forreſt, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' ſad ſtory.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forreſt, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaſter innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
Which, in their ſummer beauty, kiſs'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay[2];
Which once, quoth Forreſt, *almoſt chang'd my mind*;
But, O, the devil—there the villain ſtopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we ſmothered*
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,

* —*to Brecknock*,] To the Caſtle of Brecknock in Wales, where the duke of Buckingham's eſtate lay. MALONE.

[2] *O thus, quoth* Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forreſt, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaſter innocent arms:—
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;] Theſe circumſtances were probably adopted from the old ſong of *The moſt cruel Murther of Edward V.* in *The Golden Garland of princely delight.* The thirteenth edition of this collection was publiſhed in 1690:

"When theſe ſweet children thus were laid in bed,
"And to the Lord their hearty prayers had ſaid,
"Sweet ſlumb'ring ſleep then cloſing up their eyes,
"Each folded in the other's arms then lies."

It muſt be owned, however, that there is nothing to aſſiſt us in aſcertaining the exact date of this, and many other of our ancient ballads. STEEVENS.

That,

That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeak; and ſo I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my ſovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, ſoon at after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The ſon of Clarence have I pen'd up cloſe [3];
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage [4];
The ſons of Edward ſleep in Abraham's boſom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond * aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?

3 *The ſon of Clarence have I pen'd up cloſe;*] He was confined in Sheriff-Hutton Caſtle, in Yorkſhire.—See p. 544, n. 3. MALONE.

4 *His daughter meanly,* &c.] See p. 554, n. 3. MALONE.

* —*the* Bretagne *Richmond*—] He thus denominates Richmond, becauſe after the battle of Tewkſbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of K. Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable cuſtody. See p. 590, n. 7. MALONE.

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welſhmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his raſh-levied ſtrength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay[5];
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muſter men: My counſel is my ſhield;
We muſt be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now proſperity begins to mellow[6],
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in theſe confines ſlily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction[7] am I witneſs to,
And will to France; hoping, the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *and the Dutcheſs of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing ſweets!
If yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,

[5] — *fearful commenting*
Is leaden ſervitor, &c.] Timorous thought and cautious diſquiſition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNSON.

[6] — *begins to mellow*, &c.] The ſame thought occurs in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:
" —— now is his fate grown mellow,
" Inſtant to fall into the rotten jaws
" Of chap-fall'n death." STEEVENS.

[7] — *dire* induction—] *Induction* is preface, introduction, firſt part. It is ſo uſed by Sackville in our authour's time. JOHNSON.

And

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; ſay, that right for right,[8]
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miſeries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from ſuch gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didſt thou ſleep, when ſuch a deed was done[9]?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry dy'd, and my ſweet ſon.

Dutch. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal-living ghoſt,
Woe's ſcene, world's ſhame, grave's due by life uſurp'd,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a grave,
As thou canſt yield a melancholy ſeat;
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here!
Ah, who hath any cauſe to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverent,

[8] — *ſay, that* right *for* right] This is one of theſe conceits which our authour may be ſuſpected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *juſtice anſwering to the claims of juſtice.* So, in this play:

—— *that forehead*
Were ſhould be branded, if that right were right,—. JOHNSON.

In the third ſcene of the firſt act Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her huſband and ſon were imputed to the divine vengeance roufed by that wicked act. "So juſt is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to ſay, The right of me, an injured mother, whoſe ſon was ſlain at Tewkſbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine juſtice, and has deſtroyed your children in their turn. MALONE.

9 *When didſt thou ſleep*, &c.] That is, When, before the preſent occaſion, didſt thou ever ſleep during the commiſſion of ſuch an action? Thus the only authentick copies now extant; the quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *When* to *Why*, which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors; though Margaret's anſwer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy. MALONE.

Give

Give mine the benefit of ſeniory[1],
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand[2].
If ſorrow can admit ſociety, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a huſband*, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didſt kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping ſouls[3],

[1] —*ſeniory,*] for *ſeniority.* JOHNSON.

So, in Stowe's *Chron.* edit. 1615, p. 149: "—the ſon of Edmund, the ſon of Edward the *ſeignior*, the ſon of Alured," &c. STEEVENS.

The word in the quarto is *ſignorie*, in the folio *ſignurie*, and it has been printed *ſignory* in the late editions: but as in general modern ſpelling has been adopted, I know not why the ancient mode ſhould be adhered to in this particular inſtance. In the *Comedy of Errors*, p. 203, *ſenior* has been properly printed by all the modern editors, though the words in the old copy are—"We'll draw cuts for the *ſignior*." The ſubſtantive in the text is evidently formed by our authour from hence. MALONE.

[2] *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"By this ſtarts Collatine as from a dream,
"And bids Lucretius *give his ſorrows place.*" MALONE.

* *I had a huſband,*] The quarto has—a *Richard*, which the editor of the folio corrected by ſubſtituting—*a huſband.* I believe Shakſpeare wrote—I had a *Henry.* In a ſubſequent ſpeech in this ſcene, p. 584, l. 6, "*my* brother" being printed in the quarto by miſtake, inſtead of "*thy* brother," the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed—my *huſband.* MALONE.

[3] *That reigns,* &c.] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

Theſe two lines are found only in the folio, and are there tranſpoſed. They were rightly arranged by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Thy

Thy womb let looſe, to chaſe us to our graves.—
O upright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the iſſue of his mother's body,
And makes her pue-fellow [4] with others' moan!

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot [5], becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that ſtabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate Haſtings [6], Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely ſmother'd in their duſky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reſerv'd their factor, to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Enſues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray,
To have him ſuddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didſt prophely, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe
That bottled ſpider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flouriſh of my fortune;

4 *And makes her* pue-fellow—] *Pue-fellow* ſeems to be companion. We have now a new phraſe, nearly equivalent, by which we ſay of perſons in the ſame difficulties, that they are in *the ſame box*. JOHNSON.

Pue-fellow is a word yet in uſe. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I find the word in *Northward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's ſteward at leaſt." STEEVENS.

5 *Young York be is but* boot,] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchaſe. JOHNSON.

6 *The* adulterate *Haſtings.*—] Haſtings was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her huſband. So, the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of the King, ſays:

"— that inceſtuous, that *adulterate* beaſt." STEEVENS.

I call'd

I call'd thee then, poor ſhadow, painted queen;
The preſentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant[7],
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot[8];
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two ſons? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues, and kneels, and ſays—God ſave the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this*, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about[9],
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

7 *The flatt'ring* index *of a direful* pageant,] *Pageants* are dumb ſhews, and the poet meant to allude to one of theſe, the index of which promiſed a happier concluſion. The pageants then diſplayed on publick occaſions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. Theſe indexes were diſtributed among the ſpectators, that they might underſtand the meaning of ſuch allegorical ſtuff as was uſually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

8 — *a gariſh flag,*
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot;] Alluding to the dangerous ſituation of thoſe perſons to whoſe care the ſtandards of armies were entruſted. STEEVENS.

* Decline *all this*,] i. e. run through all this from firſt to laſt. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "I'll *decline* the whole queſtion." This phraſe the poet borrowed from his grammar. MALONE.

9 — wheel'd *about*,] Thus the quartos. The folio—*whirl'd* about. STEEVENS.

To

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt uſurp my place, And doſt thou not
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I ſlip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of ſad miſchance,—
Theſe Engliſh woes ſhall make me ſmile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well ſkill'd in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt the day*;
Compare dead happineſs with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer[1] than they were,
And he, that ſlew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loſs makes the bad cauſer worſe;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curſe.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharp, and pierce
like mine. [*Exit Q.* MARGARET.

Dutch. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes[2],
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate joys[3],

* *Forbear to ſleep—and* faſt—] *Faſt* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being,—Sleep not at night, and faſt during the day. The quarto reads—to ſleep the *nights*, and faſt the *days*. MALONE.

[1] — *were* fairer—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*ſweeter*. MALONE.

[2] *Why ſhould calamity be full of words?*
Windy attorneys *to their* client woes,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid:
" Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage;
" But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,
" The *client* breaks as deſperate of his ſuit."

The quarto reads—*your client* woes. The folio—*their clients* woes. MALONE.

[3] — inteſtate *joys*,] So the quarto. The folio reads corruptly *inteſtine*. The metaphor is extremely harſh. The joys already poſſeſſed being all conſumed and paſſed away, are ſuppoſed to have died inteſtate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and mere verbal complaints are their ſucceſſors, but inherit nothing but miſery. MALONE.

Poor

Poor breathing orators of miſeries!
Let them have ſcope: though what they do impart
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart*.
Dutch. If ſo, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's ſmother
My damned ſon, that thy two ſweet ſons ſmother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Dutch. O, ſhe, that might have intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed womb,
From all the ſlaughters, wretch, that thou haſt done.
Q. Eliz. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where ſhould be branded, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor ſons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-ſlave, where are my children?
Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſon?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
Dutch. Where is kind Haſtings?
K. Rich. A flouriſh, trumpets!—ſtrike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear theſe tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I ſay.—
[*Flouriſh. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Dutch. Art thou my ſon?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourſelf.
Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

* —*though what they do impart*
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
"Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."
The quarto reads—Help *not at all*,—. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition[4],
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me ſpeak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haſte.

Dutch. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy ſchool-days, frightful, deſperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me[5] in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphry Hour[6], that call'd your grace
To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.

[4] —*a* touch *of your* condition,] A *ſpice* or *particle* of your *temper* or *diſpoſition*. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 24th *Iliad*:

" —— his cold blood embrac'd a fiery *touch*
" Of anger, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *That ever* grac'd *me*—] To *grace* ſeems here to mean the ſame as to *bleſs*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON.

[6] —*Humphry Hour*,] This may probably be an alluſion to ſome affair of gallantry of which the dutcheſs had been ſuſpected. I cannot find the name in Holinſhed. Surely the poet's fondneſs for a quibble has not induced him at once to perſonify and chriſten that *hour* of the day which ſummon'd his mother to breakfaſt. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: " Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old miſtreſs, *Houre*, is at hand." STEEVENS.

I believe nothing more than a quibble was meant. In our poet's twentieth Sonnet we find a ſimilar conceit; a quibble between *hues* (colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly ſpelt *Hews*) the perſon addreſſed. MALONE.

If

If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.
Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me ſpeak.
K. Rich You ſpeak too bitterly.
Dutch. Hear me a word;
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my moſt heavy curſe;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the cómplete armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight;
And there the little ſouls of Edward's children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame ſerves thy life[7], and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me; I ſay amen to her. [*going.*
K. Rich. Stay, madam[8], I muſt ſpeak a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more ſons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They ſhall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And muſt ſhe die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty;

7 *Shame ſerves thy life,*—] To *ſerve* is to *accompany*, ſervants being near the perſons of their maſters. JOHNSON.

8 *Stay, madam,*] On this dialogue 'tis not neceſſary to beſtow much criticiſm: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. JOHNSON.

Slander

Slander myſelf, as falſe to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blood [9].

Q. Eliz. To ſave her life, I'll ſay—ſhe is not ſo.

K. Rich. Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that ſafety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good ſtars were oppoſite [1].

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of deſtiny *.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes deſtiny:
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſs'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You ſpeak, as if that I had ſlain my couſins.

Q. Eliz. Couſins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whoſe hands ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart [2],
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in ſuch a deſperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of ſails and tackling reft,

[9] —*ſhe is of royal blood.*] The folio reads—ſhe is *a royal princeſs.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Lo, at their births*—] Perhaps we ſhould read—*No*, at their births—. TYRWHITT.

* *All* unavoided, *&c.*] i. e. unavoidable. So before:
" Whoſe *unavoided* eye is dangerous." MALONE.

[2] *Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,*] This conceit ſeems to have been a great favourite of Shakſpeare. We meet with it more than once. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" *Thou bid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,*
" *Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,*
" *To ſtab,*" &c.
Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:
" *Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*
" *Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen*—." STEEVENS.

Ruſh all to pieces on thy rocky boſom.

K. Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type[3] of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my ſorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour,
Canſt thou demiſe[4] to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoul
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which, thou ſuppoſeſt, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
Laſt longer telling than thy kindneſs' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my ſoul, I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her ſoul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou doſt love my daughter, from thy ſoul:
So, from thy ſoul's love, didſt thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

3 *The high imperial* type—] *Type* is exhibition, ſhew, diſplay. JOHNSON.

Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, defines *Type*—"A figure, form, or likeneſs of any thing." Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, calls it—"figure, example, or ſhadowe of any thing." The word is uſed in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. as here:

"Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples." MALONE.

4 *Canſt thou* demiſe—] The common meaning of the verb to *demiſe* is *to grant*, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another. STEEVENS.

The conſtant language of leaſes is, "—*demiſed*, granted, and to farm let." But I believe the word is uſed by no poet but Shakſpeare. For *demiſe*, the reading of the quatto, and firſt folio, the editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily ſubſtituted *deviſe*. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my ſoul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who doſt thou mean ſhall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who elſe ſhould be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam[5]?

Q. Eliz. How canſt thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will ſhe weep:
Therefore preſent to her,—as ſometime Margaret[6]
Did to thy father, ſteep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, ſay to her, did drain
The purple ſap from her ſweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her ſake,
Mad'ſt quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her*?

[5] *I, even I: What think you of it, madam?*] So the quarto. I am not ſure whether it ſhould not be printed, *Ay*, even I. The folio reads: Even *ſo: how* think you of it? MALONE.

[6] *— as ſometime Margaret—*] Here is another reference to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* JOHNSON.

* *Say, that I did*, &c.] This and the following fifty-four lines, ending with the words *tender years* in p. 382, are found only in the folio. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee [7],
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoil [8].
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your increaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one ſtep below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood [9];
Of all one pain,—ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her [1], for whom you bid like ſorrow [2].

[7] *Nay then, indeed, ſhe cannot chooſe but* hate *thee,*] The ſenſe ſeems to require that we ſhould read:

—— *but* love *thee,*

ironically. TYRWHITT.

[8] — *bloody* ſpoil.] *Spoil* is waſte, havock. JOHNSON.

[9] *Even of your* mettle, *of your very blood;*] The folio has—*mettal.* The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. That *mettle* was the word intended here, appears from various other paſſages. So, in *Macbeth:*

" — Thy undaunted *mettle* ſhould compoſe
" Nothing but males.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

" —— that bed, that womb,
" That *mettle*, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
" Made him a man."

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

" —— Common mother, thou,
" Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
" Teems and feeds all, whoſe ſelf-ſame *mettle*
" Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
" Engenders the black toad," &c. MALONE.

[1] *Endur'd* of *her,*] *Of* in the language of Shakſpeare's age was frequently uſed for *by.* MALONE.

[2] — bid *like ſorrow.*] *Bid* is in the paſt tenſe from *bide.* JOHNSON.

Your

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine ſhall be a comfort to your age.
The loſs, you have, is but—a ſon being king,
And, by that loſs, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.
Dorſet your ſon, that, with a fearful ſoul,
Leads diſcontented ſteps in foreign ſoil,
This fair alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy Dorſet—brother;
Again ſhall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of diſtreſsful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to ſee:
The liquid drops of tears that you have ſhed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with intereſt
Of ten times double gain of happineſs[3].
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her baſhful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aſpiring flame
Of golden ſov'reignty; acquaint the princeſs
With the ſweet ſilent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

3 *Advantaging their* loan, *with int'reſt*
Of ten times double gain of happineſs.] The folio has—*loue*, inſtead of *lone*, the old ſpelling of *loan*. How often the letters u and n are confounded in theſe copies, has been ſhewn in various places. See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9, and Vol. VIII. p. 83, n. 8. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who adds this paraphraſe. "The tears that you have *lent* to your afflictions, ſhall be turned into gems; and requite you by way of *intereſt* with happineſs twenty times as great as your ſorrow has been." MALONE.

To whom I will retail[4] my conqueſt won,
And ſhe ſhall be ſole victreſs, Cæſar's Cæſar.

Q. Eliz. What were I beſt to ſay? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or ſhall I ſay, her uncle?
Or, he that ſlew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make ſeem pleaſing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids[5].

K. Rich. Say, ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlaſtingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long ſhall that title, ever, laſt[6]?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly ſhall her ſweet life laſt?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her ſov'reign, am her ſubject low[7].

Q. Eliz. But ſhe, your ſubject, loaths ſuch ſov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale[8].

4 *To whom I will* retail—] i. e. recount. See p. 520, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — *which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See Leviticus, xviii. 14. GREY.

6 *But how long ſhall that title, ever, laſt?*] Young has borrowed this thought in his *Univerſal Paſſion*:

"*But ſay—my miſtreſs and my friend,*
"*Which day next week the eternity ſhall end?*" STEEVENS.

7 — *am her ſubject* low.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:—*her ſubject* love. STEEVENS.

8 *Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.*] So the quarto. The folio reads—

Then plainly to her tell my loving tale. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.

K. Rich. Your reaſons are too ſhallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that ſtring, madam; that is paſt.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break[9].

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.

K. Rich. I ſwear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
The george, profan'd, hath loſt his holy honour[1];
The garter, blemiſh'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly glory:
If ſomething thou wouldſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that diſhonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myſelf,—

[9] K. Rich. *Harp not on that ſtring, madam; that is paſt.*
Q. Eliz. *Harp on it ſtill ſhall I,* &c.] In the quarto, 1598, the firſt of theſe two lines is wanting. The paſſage ſtands thus:

Qu. O, no, my reaſons, &c.
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
King. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
Now by my george, &c.

The printer of the next quarto ſaw that the line—"Harp on it ſtill ſhall I," &c. could not belong to Richard, and therefore annexed it to the queen's former ſpeech, but did not inſert the omitted line.

The editor of the folio ſupplied the line that was wanting, but abſurdly miſplaced it, and exhibited the paſſage thus:

Qu. O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
King. Harp not on that ſtring, madam, that is paſt.
Now by my george, &c.

The text is formed from the quarto, and the folio. MALONE.

[1] The *george, profan'd, hath loſt his* holy *honour*;] So the quarto. The folio reads:

Thy george, profan'd, hath loſt his *lordly* honour;
Thy garter, &c. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Thyſelf is ſelf-miſ-us'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is moſt of all.
If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him[1],
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother ſlain[2].
If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for duſt[3],
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms[4].
What canſt thou ſwear by now?
K. Rich. By the time to come*.
Q. Eliz. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'er-paſt;
For I myſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.

1 God's *wrong is moſt of all.*

If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him, &c.] I have here followed the quarto, except that it reads in the preceding ſpeech, Why then, by *God*,—. The editors of the folio, from the apprehenſion of the penalty of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. printed "Why then by *heaven*,"—and the whole they abſurdly exhibited thus:

Rich. Why then, by *heaven*.
Qu. Heaven's wrong is moſt of all.
If thou *didſt fear* to break an oath *with him*,
The unity, &c.
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath *by him*,
The imperial metal, &c.

By their alteration in the firſt line of the queen's ſpeech, they made all that follows ungrammatical. The change in the preceding ſpeech, not having that conſequence, I have adopted it. MALONE.

2 —*the king thy* brother *made*,
Had not been *broken*, *nor my brother* ſlain.] The quarto, by an errour of the preſs, has—*my* brother, which the editor of the folio corrected thus:

The unity the king, *my huſband*, made,
Thou hadſt not broken, nor my *brothers* died. MALONE.

3 *Which now*, two *tender* bed-*fellows*, &c.] Mr. Roderick obſerves, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read:

Which now, too *tender*, &c. STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quarto—two tender *play*-fellows. MALONE.

4 — a *prey for worms*.] So the quarto. Folio—*the* prey. MALONE.

* By *the time to come*.] So the quarto. *By* is not in the folio. MALONE.

The

The children live, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age[5]:
The parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou haſt
Miſus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-paſt.

K. Rich. As I intend to proſper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt[6]
Of hoſtile arms! myſelf myſelf confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours[7]!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy reſt!
Be oppoſite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her conſiſts my happineſs, and thine;
Without her, follows to myſelf, and thee,
Herſelf, the land, and many a chriſtian ſoul,
Death, deſolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeviſh found in great deſigns*.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

5 — *to wail it* in *their age:*] So the quarto, 1598. The quarto 1602, &c. and the folio, read—*with* their age. MALONE.

6 — *in my dangerous* attempt—] So the quarto. Folio—dangerous *affairs*. MALONE.

7 *Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!*] This line is found only in the folio. MALONE.

* *And be not* peeviſh *found*—] Thus the folio. *Peeviſh* in our authour's time ſignified *fooliſh*. So in the ſecond ſcene of this act:

"When Richmond was a little *peeviſh* boy,—."

See alſo Minſheu's DICT. in v. The quarto reads—peeviſh *fond*, and I am not ſure that it is not right. A compound epithet might have been intended; *peeviſh-fond*. So *childiſh-fooliſh*, *ſenſeleſs-obſtinate*, *fooliſh-witty*, &c. MALONE.

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myſelf, to be myſelf?

K. Rich. Ay, if your ſelf's remembrance wrong yourſelf.

Q. Eliz. But thou didſt kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that neſt of ſpicery, they ſhall breed[8]
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very ſhortly,
And you ſhall underſtand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiſs, and ſo farewel.
[*kiſſing her. Exit Q.* ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and ſhallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

Rat. Moſt mighty ſovereign, on the weſtern coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant navy; to the ſhore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them aſhore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend poſt to the duke of Norfolk[9];—
Ratcliff, thyſelf,—or Cateſby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Cateſby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haſte.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither[1]: Poſt to Saliſbury;
When thou com'ſt thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To* Cateſby.

[8] —*in that neſt of ſpicery, they ſhall breed*] Alluding to the phœnix. STEEVENS.

So the quarto. The folio reads—they *will* breed. MALONE.

[9] *Some light-foot friend poſt to the duke*—] Richard's precipitation and confuſion is in this ſcene very happily repreſented by inconſiſtent orders, and ſudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

[1] *Ratcliff, come hither*:] The folio has—*Cateſby*, come hither. The words are not in the quarto. It is obvious that they are addreſſed to Ratcliff. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Why

Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the duke?

Cate. Firſt, mighty liege, tell me your highneſs' pleaſure,
What from your grace I ſhall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Cateſby;—Bid him levy ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at Saliſbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at Saliſbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highneſs told me, I ſhould poſt before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to pleaſe you with the hearing;
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'ſt thou run ſo many miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the ſeas.

K. Rich. There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!
White-liver'd runagate[2], what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty ſovereign, but by gueſs.

K. Rich. Well, as you gueſs?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the ſword unſway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd?

[2] White-liver'd *runagate,*] This epithet, deſcriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. Stephen Goſſon in his *School of Abuſe,* 1579, ſpeaking of the Helots, ſays:

"Leaye thoſe precepts to the *white-livered* Hylotes."

STEEVENS.

What

What heir of York is there alive, but we[3]?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the ſeas?

Stan. Unleſs for that, my liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the Welſhman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege[4]; therefore miſtruſt me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ſhips?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they ſhould ſerve their ſovereign in the weſt?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaſeth your majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldſt be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not truſt you, ſir[5].

Stan. Moſt mighty ſovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be falſe.

K. Rich. Well, go, muſter men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your ſon, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

[3] *What heir of York is there alive, but we?*] Richard aſks this queſtion in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to anſwer him. But they whom he addreſſes, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the houſe of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward earl of Warwick, the only ſon of the Uſurper's elder brother, George duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter of Edward IV, and all her ſiſters, had a better title than either of them. MALONE.

[4] *No, mighty liege;*] So the quarto. Folio: No, *my good lord.* MALONE.

[5] *I will not truſt you, ſir.*] So the quarto. Folio: But I'll not truſt thee. MALONE.

Stan.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious ſovereign, now in Devonſhire,
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſ.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors [6]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

3. *Meſ.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but ſongs of death?

[*He ſtrikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3. *Meſ.* The news I have to tell your majeſty [*],
Is,—that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3. *Meſ.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

4. *Meſ.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorſet,
'Tis ſaid, my liege, in Yorkſhire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highneſs,—
The Bretagne navy is diſpers'd by tempeſt:
Richmond, in Dorſetſhire, ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to aſk thoſe on the banks,

[6] —*more competitors*] More aſſociates. See Vol. VII. p. 445, n. 7. MALONE.

[*] *The news I have*, &c.] So the folio. The quarto reads:
Your grace miſtakes; the news I bring is good;
My news is, &c. MALONE.

If they were his aſſiſtants, yea, or no;
Who anſwered him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, miſtruſting them,
Hois'd ſail, and made his courſe again for Bretagne[7].

K. Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beſt news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford[8],
Is colder news, but yet they muſt be told[9].

[7] —*and made his courſe again for Bretagne.*] Henry Tudor earl of Richmond, the eldeſt ſon of Edmund of Hadham earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the firſt duke of Somerſet, who was grandſon to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaſter, was carried by his uncle Jaſper earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewkſbury into Britany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable cuſtody by the duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his eſcape and fled for protection to the French court. Being conſidered at that time as neareſt in blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancaſtrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV. who was extremely jealous of him; and after Richard *uſurped* the throne, they with more confidence ſupported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry duke of Buckingham was in ſome reſpects inferior to that of Richmond; for he was deſcended by his mother from Edmund the ſecond duke of Somerſet, the younger brother of duke John; by his father from Thomas duke of Gloſter, the younger brother of John of Gaunt: but whatever priority the earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had no Lancaſtrian blood whatſoever: nor was his maternal title of the pureſt kind, for John the firſt earl of Somerſet was an illegitimate ſon of John of Gaunt. MALONE.

[8] —*landed at Milford,*] The earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, Auguſt 1ſt, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his courſe to Wales, hoping the Welch would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of King Henry V. MALONE.

[9] —they *muſt be told.*] This was the language of Shakſpeare's time, when the word *news* was often conſidered as plural. See Vol. VII. p. 425, n. *.

All the modern editors, however, read—*it* muſt be told. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Away towards Saliſbury; while we reaſon here [1],
A royal battle might be won and loſt:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Saliſbury;—the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's *Houſe.*

Enter Stanley, *and Sir* Chriſtopher Urswick.

Stan. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me [2]:—
That, in the ſty of this moſt bloody boar,
My ſon George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my preſent aid *.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-weſt, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name reſort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned ſoldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, ſir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, ſir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:

[1] — *while we reaſon here,*] i. e. while we *talk* here. See Vol. III. p. 44, n. 1. Malone.

[2] *Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me:*—] The perſon, who is called ſir Chriſtopher here, and who has been ſtiled ſo in the *Dramatis Perſonæ* of all the impreſſions, I find by the chronicles to have been Chriſtopher Urſwick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the counteſs of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This prieſt, the hiſtory tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unſuſpected, on meſſages betwixt the counteſs of Richmond, and her huſband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilſt he was preparing to make his deſcent on England. Theobald.

Formerly the title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen. See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2; and Vol. III. p. 188, n. 9. Malone.

* — *my preſent aid.*] Thus the quarto. After theſe words three lines are added in the folio, in ſubſtance the ſame as the firſt three lines of Stanley's concluding ſpeech. Inſtead of the concluding ſpeech of the quarto, which is here followed, the folio reads thus:

Well, hie to thy lord; I kiſs his hand;
My letter will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewell. Malone.

And

And towards London do they bend their courſe,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her daughter.
Theſe letters will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*gives papers to ſir* Chriſtopher. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Saliſbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and Guard, with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me ſpeak with him[3]?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Haſtings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair ſon Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By underhand corrupted foul injuſtice;
If that your moody diſcontented ſouls
Do through the clouds behold this preſent hour,
Even for revenge mock my deſtruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomſday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wiſh'd to fall

3 *Will not king Richard let me ſpeak with him?*] The reaſon why the duke of Buckingham ſolicited an interview with the king, is explained in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I:

" —— *I would have play'd*
" *The part my father meant to act upon*
" *The uſurper Richard; who, being at Saliſbury,*
" *Made ſuit to come in his preſence; which if granted,*
" *As he made ſemblance of his duty, would*
" *Have put his knife into him.*" STEEVENS.

By the falſe faith of him whom moſt I truſted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful ſoul,
Is the determin'd reſpite of my wrongs[4].
That high All-ſeer which I dally'd with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earneſt what I begg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their maſters' boſoms:
Thus Margaret's curſe falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth ſhe, *ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a propheteſs.—
Come, ſirs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame[5].
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *&c.*

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD[6], *Sir* James BLUNT[7], *Sir* Walter HERBERT, *and Others, with forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus

4 *Is the determin'd* reſpite *of my wrongs.*] Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the puniſhment of his wrongs was *reſpited.*

Wrongs in this line means *wrong* done; injurious practices.
JOHNSON.

5 — *blame the due of blame.*] This ſcene ſhould, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act; ſo the fourth act will have a more full and ſtriking concluſion, and the fifth act will compriſe the buſineſs of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaſter. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the authour in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards diſtributed by chance, or what ſeems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the firſt editors. JOHNSON.

6 — *Oxford,*—] John de Vere earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancaſtrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Caſtle in Picardy,

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and uſurping boar,
That ſpoil'd your ſummer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like waſh, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd boſoms[8],—this foul ſwine
Lies now[9] even in the centre of this iſle,
Near to the town of Leiceſter, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of ſharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conſcience is a thouſand ſwords[1],
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his deareſt need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

eſcaped from thence in 1484, and joined the earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Boſworth. MALONE.

7 — *Sir James Blunt,*—] He had been captain of the Caſtle of Hames, and aſſiſted the earl of Oxford in his eſcape. MALONE.

8 — *embowell'd boſoms,*—] Exenterated; ripped up. JOHNSON.

9 Lies *now*—] i. e. ſojourns. See Vol. V. p. 365, n. 9. For *lies*, the reading of the quarto, the editors of the folio, probably not underſtanding the term, ſubſtituted—*Is*. See p. 596, n. 4. MALONE.

1 — *conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,*] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conſcientia mille teſtes.*" BLACKSTONE.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—a thouſand *men*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Boſworth *Field*.

Enter King RICHARD, *and forces; the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Boſworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, moſt gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we muſt have knocks; Ha! muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to ſet up the king's tent.*
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath deſcry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or ſeven thouſand is their utmoſt power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account[2]:
Beſides, the king's name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they upon the adverſe faction want.—
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us ſurvey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for ſome men of ſound direction[3]:—
Let's want no diſcipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a buſy day. [*Exeunt.*

[2] —*our battalia trebles that account:*] Richmond's forces are ſaid to have been only five thouſand; and Richard's army conſiſted of about twelve thouſand men. But lord Stanley lay at a ſmall diſtance with three thouſand men, and Richard may be ſuppoſed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwiſe. MALONE.

[3] —*ſound direction:*] True judgment; tried military ſkill. JOHNSON.

Enter, on the other ſide of the field, RICHMOND, *Sir* William BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other lords* [4]. *Some of the ſoldiers pitch* RICHMOND's *Tent.*

Richm. The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,
And, by the bright track of his firy car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you ſhall bear my ſtandard.—
Give me ſome ink and paper [5] in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, ſir William Brandon,—
And you, ſir Walter Herbert, ſtay with me:—
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the ſecond hour in the morning
Deſire the earl to ſee me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am aſſur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at leaſt
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet Blunt, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful note.

4 — *Oxford, and other lords*—] The direction in the folio, is—"Enter Richmond and Sir William Brandon, Oxford and *Dorſet*." In the quarto only, "Enter Richmond, with the *lordes*. This is one of numerous proofs that many of the alterations in the folio edition of this play were made by the players, and not by Shakſpeare; for Shakſpeare had been informed by Holinſhed that *Dorſet* was not at the battle of Boſworth; Richmond before his leaving Paris having borrowed a ſum of money from the French king, Charles the Eighth, and having left the marquis of Dorſet and Sir John Bouchier as hoſtages for the payment. MALONE.

5 *Give me ſome ink and paper*—] Thus the folio. In the quarto, this and the three following lines are introduced lower down immediately before the words—"Come, gentlemen, let us conſult," &c. MALONE.

Blunt.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And ſo, God give you quiet reſt to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us conſult upon to-morrow's buſineſs;
In to my tent, the air is raw[6] and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's ſupper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock[7].
K. Rich. I will not ſup to-night.—
Give me ſome ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readineſs.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Uſe careful watch, chooſe truſty ſentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a purſuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before ſun-riſing, leſt his ſon George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch[8]:—
[*To* Cateſby.
Saddle

6 — *the* air *is raw*—] So the quarto. Folio—the *dew*. MALONE.

7 *It's* nine *o'clock.*] So the folio. The quarto reads—It is *ſix* of the clock; full ſupper time. MALONE.

8 *Give me a* watch:] A *watch* has many ſignifications, but I ſhould believe that it means in this place not a ſentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an inſtrument to meaſure time, which was not uſed in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he ſays:

Bid my guard watch,—

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow [7].—
Look that my ſtaves be ſound, and not too heavy [8].
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'ſt thou the melancholy lord Northumberland [9]?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himſelf,

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a ſentinel. JOHNSON.

The word *give* ſhews, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his Dictionary, 1679, *Watch-candle.* MALONE.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any requeſt of the king concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, becauſe, being marked out into ſections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it ſupplied the place of the more modern inſtrument by which we meaſure the hours. I have ſeen theſe candles repreſented with great nicety in ſome of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632: "—ſlept always with a *watching* candle." Again, in *Albumazar*, 1614: "Sit up all night like a *watching* candle." STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a ſpecies of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick ſet in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNSON.

7 *Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.*—] So, in Holinſhed, p. 754: "—he was mounted on a great *white courſer*," &c. STEEV.

8 *Look, that my* ſtaves *be ſound, and not too heavy.*] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

As it was uſual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightneſs of them was an object of conſequence. *Hall* informs us, that at the juſts in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger ſiſter of king Henry VIII. with the king of France, "a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the feld all armed, and on his body brought in fight x ſperes, that is to wyt, ii ſperes ſet in every ſtyroppe forward, and under every thigh ii ſpere, upwarde, and under his left arme was on ſpere backward, and the 10th in his hand," &c. STEEVENS.

9 —*the* melancholy *lord Northumberland?*] Richard calls him *melancholy*, becauſe he did not join heartily in his cauſe. "Henry the fourth earle of Northumberland," ſays Holinſhed, "whether it was by the commandement of King Richarde putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the earle [of Richmond], ſtood ſtill with a great company, and intermixed not in the battaile; which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counſayle." MALONE.

Much

Much about cock-ſhut time[1], from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.

K. Rich. I am ſatisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of ſpirit[2],
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, ſet it down *.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I ſay.

[*K.* RICHARD *retires into his tent. Exeunt* RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

Richmond's *Tent opens, and diſcovers him, and his officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory ſit on thy helm!

[1] *Much about* cock-ſhut *time,*] Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame expreſſion in one of his entertainments:

"For you would not yeſternight,
"Kiſs him in the *cock-ſhut* light."

Again, in the *Widow*, by Ben Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: "Come away then: a fine *cockſhut* evening." STEEVENS.

Cockſhut time, i. e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonſon*, Vol. V. p. 204, "*Cockſhut* is ſaid to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after ſun-ſet or before its riſing, *cockſhut* light may very properly expreſs the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of ſuch a net, and the manner of uſing it, is delineated and deſcribed in *Dictionarium Ruſticum*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. TOLLET.

In a metrical performance (quoted by Mr. Steevens) entitled, *No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly ſnipping*, 1601, this net is mentioned:

"A ſilly honeſt creature may do well,
"To watch a *cocke-ſhoote*, or a limed buſh." MALONE.

[2] *I have not that alacrity of ſpirit*, &c.] So, in Holinſhed, p. 775: "—not uſing the alacritie of mirth and mind and countenance as he was accuſtomed to doo before he came toward the battell." STEEV.

* So, *ſet it down.*] The word *So* in the old copies ſtands at the beginning of the firſt line of this ſpeech, caught perhaps by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the line below. Mr. Steevens made the emendation. In Richard's next ſpeech the word *Ratcliff* is prefixed to the ſecond line, but the metre ſhews that it was placed there by the negligence of the compoſitor. MALONE.

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy perſon, noble father-in law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney [3], bleſs thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal ſtaring war [4].
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George
Be executed [5] in his father's ſight.
Farewell: The leiſure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love [6],

And

3 —*by attorney*,—] By deputation. JOHNSON.

4 —*mortal* ſtaring *war*.] Thus the old copies. I ſuppoſe, by *ſtaring war* is meant—*war that looks big*. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect the poet wrote—mortal-*ſcaring* war. MALONE.

5 *Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George*
Be executed—] So Holinſhed after Hall: "When the ſaid lord Stanley would have departed into his country to viſit his familie, and to recreate and refreſhe his ſpirits, as he openly ſaid, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readineſſe to join the earle of Richmonde at his firſt arrival in Englande,) the king in no wiſe would ſuffer him to depart before he had left as an hoſtage in the court, George Stanley, lord Strange, his firſt begotten ſon and heir."—

"The lord Stanley lodged in the ſame town, [Stafford] and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, diſlodging him and his,—to avoid all ſuſpicion, being afraide leaſt if he ſhould be ſeen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his ſon-in-law, before the day of battayle, that king Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and miſtruſt, would put to ſome evil death his ſon and heir apparent."

The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by King Edward IV. in 1482. MALONE.

6 —*The leiſure and the fearful time*
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,] We have ſtill a phraſe equivalent to this, however harſh it may ſeem, *I would do this, if*

leiſure

And ample interchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſunder'd friends ſhould dwell upon;
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and ſpeed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me down to-morrow[7],
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c. with* STANLEY.
O Thou! whoſe captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me ſtill! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghoſt[8] *of Prince* Edward, *ſon to* Henry *the Sixth, riſes between the two tents.*

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*to K.* Richard.
Think, how thou ſtab'dſt me in my prime of youth
At

leiſure *would permit*, where *leiſure*, as in this paſſage, ſtands for *want of* leiſure. So, again:

—— *More than I have ſaid,—*
The leiſure *and enforcement of the time*
Forbids to dwell upon. JOHNSON.

[7] *Leſt leaden ſlumber* peiſe *me down to-morrow,*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Now *leaden ſlumber* with life's ſtrength doth fight."
MALONE.

To *peize*, i. e. to *weigh down*, from *peſer*, Fr. I find the word in the old play of *The Reigne of K. Edward III.* 1596:

"And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead." STEEV.

[8] *The Ghoſt, &c.*] Mr. Steevens has here quoted a paſſage from Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* inſerted in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*,

At Tewkſbury; Deſpair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged ſouls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's iſſue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Magiſtrates, and another from the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, both deſcriptive of the viſions ſuppoſed to have been ſeen by Richard the night before the battle of Boſworth. He adds the following obſervation:

"It is not unpleaſant to trace the progreſs of a poetical idea. Some of our oldeſt hiſtorians had informed us that king Richard was much diſturbed in his dreams. The author of a metrical legend, [Nichols] who follows next in ſucceſſion, proceeds to tell us the quality of theſe ominous viſions. A poet [Drayton] who takes up the ſtory, goes further, and acquaints us with the names of thoſe who are ſuppoſed to have appeared in them; and laſt of all comes the dramatick writer, who brings the phantoms, ſpeaking in their particular characters, on the ſtage."

The annotations of my ingenious predeceſſor ſeldom require animadverſion or reviſion; but I am here obliged to remark, as I did on a former occaſion, where the learned Biſhop of Worceſter had made a ſimilar attempt to trace a thought from one poet to another, [See Vol. V. p. 397, n. 4.] that this ſuppoſed progreſs of a poetical idea is in the preſent inſtance merely imaginary, as a few dates will at once demonſtrate. Shakſpeare's *K. Richard III.* was printed in 1597. Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* firſt appeared in that edition of *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates* which was publiſhed in 1610, thirteen years after our authour's play had appeared; and the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* was not publiſhed till twenty-five years after the tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been printed, that is, in 1622.

Our ancient hiſtorians have ſaid *more* than that Richard was *diſturbed by dreams*; they have mentioned the nature of them, and particularly of his dream on this night. The account given by Polydore Virgil, which was copied by Hall and Holinſhed, is as follows. "The fame went, that he had the ſame night [the night before the battle of Boſworth] a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it ſeemed to him being aſleepe, that he ſaw *diverſe ymages like terrible devilles*, which pulled and haled him, not ſufferynge him to take any quiet or reſte. The which ſtraunge viſion not ſo ſodaynly ſtrake his heart with a ſodayne feare, but it ſtuffed his head and troubled his mind with many buſy and dreadful imaginations. And leaſt that it might be ſuſpected that he was abaſhed for fear of his enemies, and for that cauſe looked ſo piteouſly, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning, his *wonderfull viſion*, and fearefull dreame." I quote from Holinſhed, becauſe he was Shakſpeare's authority.

Polydore Virgil, as I have already obſerved, began to write his hiſtory about twenty years after Richard's death. MALONE.

The

The Ghoſt of King Henry *the Sixth riſes.*

Ghoſt. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*to K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Deſpair, and die;
Harry the ſixth bids thee deſpair and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*to* Richm.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou ſhould'ſt be king[9],
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleep; Live, and flouriſh.

The Ghoſt of Clarence *riſes.*

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*to K.* Rich.
I, that was waſh'd to death with fulſome wine[1],
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; Deſpair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the houſe of Lancaſter, [*to* Richm.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flouriſh!

The Ghoſts of Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *riſe.*

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow,
[*to K.* Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Deſpair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy ſoul deſpair!
[*to K.* Rich.
Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Deſpair, and die!— [*to K.* Rich.
All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's boſom [*to* Richm.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

9 *Harry, that prophesy'd thou ſhould'ſt be king,*] This propheecy, to which this alluſion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *King Henry the Sixth.* JOHNSON.

See p. 359, n. 5. MALONE.

1 — *with* fulſome *wine,*] *Fulſome*, was ſometimes uſed, I think, in the ſenſe of *unctuous*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was Malmſey. MALONE.

The

The Ghoſt of Haſtings *riſes.*

Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [*to K.* Rich.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Haſtings; and deſpair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled ſoul, awake, awake! [*to* Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's ſake!

The Ghoſts of the two young Princes riſe.

Ghoſts. Dream on thy couſins ſmother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy boſom[2], Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death!
Thy nephews' ſouls bid thee deſpair and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, ſleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy ſons do bid thee flouriſh.

The Ghoſt of Lady Anne *riſes.*

Ghoſt. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee[3],
Now

[2] *Let us be* lead *within thy boſom,*—] So, ſays Mr. Theobald, the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent copies all have *laid*, inſtead of *lead*.

That there was an edition of this play printed in 1597, I have not the leaſt doubt, (though none of the editors except Mr. Theobald have ever ſeen it,) becauſe it was entered in the ſtationers' books in that year, and nearly at the ſame time with *K. Richard II.* by the ſame bookſeller for whom an edition of that play was printed in 1597, which is ſtill extant. It is, however, very remarkable, that Mr. Theobald ſhould have profited in this ſingle inſtance only, by that copy. Whenever it ſhall be diſcovered, it will, I am confident, if diligently collated, like every other *firſt* edition that I have ſeen, prove its ſuperior value in other inſtances beſide the preſent. MALONE.

[3] *That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakſpeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated deſcription of Richard, which Holinſhed tranſcribed: "I have heard (ſays Sir Thomas) by credible report of ſuch as were ſecret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himſelf ſure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and maner like one always readie to ſtrike againe. *He tooke ill reſt a-nights; lay long waking and muſing, ſore wearied with care and watch; rather ſlumbered than ſlept, troubled with fearfull dreames; ſodainely ſometime ſtart up, leapt out of bed,*

Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; Deſpair, and die!
Thou, quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep; [*to* Richm.
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory;
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghoſt of Buckingham *riſes.*

Ghoſt. The firſt was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[*to K.* Rich.
The laſt was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terrour of thy guiltineſs!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath!—
I dy'd for hope [4], ere I could lend thee aid:
[*to* Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's ſide;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.
[*The Ghoſts vaniſh.* *K.* Richard *ſtarts out of his dream.*
K. Rich. Give me another horſe [5],—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jeſu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conſcience, how doſt thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue [6].—Is it not dead midnight? Cold

bed, and ran about the chamber; ſo was his reſtleſs heart continually toſt and tumbled with the tedious impreſſion and ſtormy remembrance of his abominable deede."

With ſuch a companion well might Anne ſay, that ſhe never *ſlept one quiet hour.* MALONE.

[4] *I dy'd for* hope,] *I died for only having* hoped *to give you that aſſiſtance*, which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality. STEEVENS.

[5] *Give me another horſe*, &c.] There is in this, as in many of our authour's ſpeeches of paſſion, ſomething very trifling, and ſomething very ſtriking. Richard's debate, whether he ſhould quarrel with himſelf, is too long continued, but the ſubſequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

[6] *The lights burn blue.*] So, in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought there was ſome *ſpirit* in it becauſe it burnt ſo *blue*; for my mother would

Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What do I fear? myſelf? there's none elſe by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myſelf? Great reaſon: Why?
Leſt I revenge. What? Myſelf upon myſelf?
Alack I love myſelf. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myſelf have done unto myſelf?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by myſelf.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyſelf ſpeak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral tongues,
And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the higheſt degree,
Murder, ſtern murder, in the dir'ſt degree;
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I ſhall deſpair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no ſoul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I myſelf
Find in myſelf no pity to myſelf.
Methought, the ſouls of all that I had murder'd[7]
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

would often tell me, when the *candle burnt blue*, there was ſome ill *ſpirit* in the houſe." It was anciently ſuppoſed that fire was a preſervative againſt evil ſpirits; "becauſe," (ſays Naſh, in *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592) "when any ſpirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and *the takers* are by degrees extinguiſhed." The *takers* are the ſpirits who blaſt or *take*. So, in *King Lear*:

"——— ſtrike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs!" STEEVENS.

[7] *Methought, the ſouls*, &c.] Theſe lines ſtand with ſo little propriety at the end of this ſpeech, that I cannot but ſuſpect them to be miſplaced. Where then ſhall they be inſerted? Perhaps after theſe words:

Fool, do not flatter. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream[8]!—
What think'ſt thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.

K. Rich. By the apoſtle Paul, ſhadows to-night
Have ſtruck more terrour to the ſoul of Richard,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to ſhrink from me.

[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD, *and* RATCLIFF.

Richmond *wakes.* *Enter* OXFORD, *and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.

Lords. How have you ſlept, my lord?

Richm. The ſweeteſt ſleep, and faireſt-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowſy head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their ſouls, whoſe bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promiſe you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the ſtroke of four.

[8] *O, Ratcliff, &c.*] This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. Yet Ratcliff is there permitted to ſay—"be not afraid of *ſhadows*," though Richard's dream has not been mentioned: an additional proof of what has been already ſuggeſted in p. 596, n. 4. MALONE.

Richm.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*

More than I have ſaid, loving countrymen,
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cauſe, fight upon our ſide;
The prayers of holy ſaints, and wronged ſouls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces;
Richard except, thoſe, whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made means[9] to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him;
A baſe foul ſtone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair[1], where he is falſely ſet;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight againſt God's enemy,
God will, in juſtice, ward you as his ſoldiers;
If you do ſweat to put a tyrant down,
You ſleep in peace, the tyrant being ſlain;
If you do fight againſt your country's foes,
Your country's fat ſhall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in ſafeguard of your wives,
Your wives ſhall welcome home the conquerors;

9 *One that* made means—] To *make means* was, in Shakſpeare's time, always uſed in an unfavourable ſenſe, and ſignified—*to come at any thing by indirect practices.* STEEVENS.

[1] —*by the foil*
Of England's chair,] It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obſcurity recommends the brightneſs of the diamond. It muſt mean the leaf *(feuille)* or thin plate of metal in which the ſtone is ſet. JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is ſtill more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-priced ſtone. The ſame alluſion is common to many writers. So, in a Song publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Falſe ſtones by *foiles* have many one abus'd." STEEVENS.

England's *chair* means England's *throne*. *Set* is uſed equivocally. MALONE.

If

If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all theſe rights,
Advance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords:
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt[2]
Shall be this cold corpſe on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and ſaint George! Richmond, and victory[3]!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendands, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What ſaid Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He ſaid the truth: And what ſaid Surrey then?

Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and ſo, indeed, it is.
[*Clock ſtrikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who ſaw the ſun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he diſdains to ſhine; for, by the book,
He ſhould have brav'd the eaſt an hour ago:

[2] —*the ranſom of my bold attempt*—] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my raſhneſs ſhall be my dead corpſe. JOHNSON.

[3] *God, and ſaint George!*] *Saint George* was the common cry of the Engliſh ſoldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the uſe of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

"*Item*, that all ſouldiers entring into battaile, aſſault, ſkirmiſh, or other faction of armes, ſhall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, ſaint George*, whereby the ſouldiour is much comforted, and the enemy diſmaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has ſo often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *miniſter zeale*, ſhall *maliciouſly* omit ſo fortunate a name, ſhall be *ſeverely puniſhed* for his obſtinate *erroneous* heart, and perverſe mind." T. WARTON.

A black day will it be to ſomebody.—
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The ſun will not be ſeen to-day;
The ſky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, theſe dewy tears were from the ground.
Not ſhine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the ſelf-ſame heaven,
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, buſtle, buſtle;—Capariſon my horſe;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my ſoldiers to the plain;
And thus my battle ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawn out all in length[4],
Conſiſting equally of horſe and foot;
Our archers ſhall be placed in the midſt:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe.
This, and ſaint George to boot[5]!—What think'ſt thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike ſovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*giving a ſcrowl.*

[4] *My foreward ſhall be drawn out all in length,*] So Holinſhed: "King Richard havyng all thinges in a readineſs went forth with the army out of his tentes, and began to ſet his men in aray: firſt *the foreward ſet forth a marvellous length, both of horſemen and alſo of footemen,*—and to the formoſt part of all the bowmen as a ſtrong fortreſſe for them that came after; and over this John duke of Norfolk was head captain. After him followed the king with a mighty ſort of men."

The words *out all* were added by Mr. Theobald, to ſupply the defective metre of this line. MALONE.

[5] *This, and St. George to boot!*] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promiſes ſucceſs; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron ſaint. JOHNSON.

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above.* HAWKINS.

K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold[6], [reads.
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold[7].

A thing deviſed by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our ſouls[8];
Conſcience is but a word * that cowards uſe,
Devis'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe;
Our ſtrong arms be our conſcience, ſwords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What ſhall I ſay more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A ſort of vagabonds[9], rascals, and run-aways,

[6] —*be not* too *bold*,] The quarto 1598, and folio, read—ſo bold. But it was certainly an errour of the preſs: for in both Hall and Holinſhed, the words are given as in the text. MALONE.

[7] — Dickon *thy maſter*, &c.] *Diccon* is the ancient abbreviation of *Richard*. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Beldam. In the words—*bought and ſold*, I believe, there is ſomewhat proverbial. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be ſo *bought and ſold*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Mortimeriados*, a poem by Michael Drayton, no date:

"Is this the kindnes that thou offereſt me?
"And in thy country am I *bought and ſold* ?"

Again, in Skelton's *Colin Clout*, 1568:

"How prelacy is *ſold and bought*,
"And come up of nought."

Again, in Bacon's Hiſtory of K. Henry VII: "—all the news ran upon the duke of Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, *bought and ſold* in France," &c.—The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *King John*, Act V. and in *Troilus and Creſſida*. It ſeems to have ſignified that ſome *foul play* has been uſed. The foul play alluded to here, was Stanley's deſertion. MALONE.

[8] *Let not our babbling dreams*, &c.] I ſuſpect theſe ſix lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakſpeare was really guilty of them in his firſt draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he ſubſtituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

* *Conſcience is* but *a word*—] So the quarto 1598. *But* being accidentally omitted in a later quarto, the editor of the folio ſupplied the omiſſion by reading—*For* conſcience is a word, &c. MALONE.

[9] *A ſort of vagabonds*,] A *ſort*, that is, a *company*, a *collection*. JOHNSON.

See the concluding words of n. 4, p. 610; and Vol. II. p. 496, n. 3. MALONE.

A ſcum of Britons, and baſe lackey peaſants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To deſperate adventures and aſſur'd deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt;
You having lands, and bleſt with beauteous wives,
They would reſtrain the one[1], diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at our mother's coſt[2]?

A milk-

[1] *They would* reſtrain *the one*,] i. e. they would lay *reſtrictions* on the poſſeſſion of your lands; impoſe eruditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *reſtrain* ſubſtituted *diſtrain*, which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. "To *diſtrain*," ſays he, "is to *ſeize upon*;" but to diſtrain is not to *ſeize* generally, but to ſeize goods, cattle, &c. for non-payment of rent, or for the purpoſe of enforcing the proceſs of courts. The *reſtrictions* likely to be impoſed by a conquering enemy on lands, are impoſts, contributions, &c. or abſolute confiſcation.—"And if he [Henry earl of Richmond] ſhould atchieve his falſe intent and purpoſe," (ſays Richard in his circular letter ſent to the Sheriffs of the ſeveral counties in England on this occaſion, *Paſton Letters*, II. 321,) "every man's life, livelihood, and goods, ſhall be in his hands, liberty, and diſpoſition." MALONE.

[2] *Long kept in Britaine at our* mother's *coſt.*] Henry Earl of Richmond was long confined in the court of the duke of Britaine, and ſupported there by Charles duke of Burgundy, who was *brother*-in-law to King Richard. Hence Mr. Theobald juſtly obſerved that *mother* in the text was not conformable to the fact. But Shakſpeare, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, was led into this errour by Holinſhed, where he found the following paſſage in an oration which Hall, in imitation of the ancient hiſtorians, invented, and exhibited as having been ſpoken by the king to his ſoldiers before the battle of Boſworth:

"You ſee further how a companie of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprize.—
—And to begin with the erle of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welch milkſop,—brought up by my *mother's* coſt and mine, like a captive in a cloſe cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine." p. 759.

"Holinſhed," Dr. Farmer adds, "copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54; but his printer has given us by accident the word *mother* inſtead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakſpeare."

If, ſays a Remarker, *it ought to be ſo in Shakſpeare*, why ſtop at this correction, and why not in *K. Henry V.* print *præcariſſimus* inſtead of *præclariſſimus*? [See Vol. V. p. 602, n. 8.] And indeed if *brother* is to be ſubſtituted for *mother* here, there can be no reaſon why all other ſimilar errours ſhould not be corrected in like manner.

But

A milk-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold as over ſhoes in ſnow?
Let's whip theſe ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again;
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not theſe baſtard Britons; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

But the Remarker miſunderſtood Dr. Farmer's words, which only mean—as it is in the original, and *as Shakſpeare ought to have written.* Dr. Farmer did not ſay—"as it ought to be *printed* in Shakſpeare."

In all the other places where Shakſpeare has been led into errours by miſtakes of the preſs, or by falſe tranſlations, his text has been very properly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the buſineſs of an editor to new-write his authour's works. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. i. we have—"Let the old ruffian know, *I* have many other ways to die;" though we know the ſenſe of the paſſage in Plutarch there copied is,—that "*he* [the old ruffian] hath many other ways to die." Again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Antony is ſtill permitted to ſay, that Cæſar had left the Roman people his arbours and orchards "on *this* ſide Tyber," though it ought to be—"on *that* ſide Tyber:" both which miſtakes Shakſpeare was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old tranſlation of Plutarch.

In like manner in *K. Henry V. præclariſſimus* is exhibited as it was written by Shakſpeare, inſtead of *præcariſſimus*; and in the ſame play I have followed our authour in printing in p. 459, Lewis the *tenth*, though Lewis the *ninth* was the perſon meant: an errour into which he was led, as in the preſent inſtance, by a miſtake of the preſs.

For all ſuch inaccuracies the poet, and not his editor, is reſponſible: and in the paſſage now under our conſideration more particularly the text ought not to be diſturbed, becauſe it aſcertains a point of ſome moment; namely that Holinſhed, and not Hall, was the hiſtorian that Shakſpeare followed. Of how much conſequence this is, the reader may aſcertain by turning to the *Diſſertation on the plays of K. Henry VI.* where this circumſtance, if I do not deceive myſelf, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to ſettle a long agitated queſtion, and to ſhew that thoſe plays were *re-written* by Shakſpeare, and not his *original* compoſition. MALONE.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen*!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves[2]!—

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Meſ. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his ſon George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is paſs'd the marſh[3];
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom:
Advance our ſtandards[4], ſet upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of firy dragons!
Upon them! Victory ſits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

* —*fight* bold *yeomen!*] The old copies, by an apparent errour of the preſs, have *boldly*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] *Amaze the* welkin *with your broken ſtaves!*] That is, *fright the ſkies with the ſhivers of your lances.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"Now by the marble face of the *welkin.*"

The ſame idea is more tamely expreſſed in W. Smith's *Palſgrave*, 1615:

"Spears flew in ſplinters half the way to heaven." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the enemy is paſs'd the* marſh;] There was a large marſh in Boſworth plain between the two armies. Henry paſs'd it, and made ſuch a diſpoſition of his forces that it ſerved to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained alſo another point, that his men ſhould engage with the ſun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great conſequence when bows and arrows were in uſe. MALONE.

[4] *Advance our ſtandards,*] So Holinſhed after Hall: "—like valiant champions advance forth your ſtandardes, and aſſay whether your enemies can decide and try the title of battaile by dint of ſword; avaunce, I ſay again, forward, my captaines.—Now Saint George to borrow, let us ſet forward." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter NORFOLK, *and forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Reſcue, my lord of Norfolk, reſcue, reſcue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an oppoſite to every danger[5];
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Reſcue, fair lord, or elſe the day is loſt!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe[6]!

5 *Daring* an *oppoſite to every danger*;] Perhaps the poet wrote:
Daring and *oppoſite to every danger.* TYRWHITT.
Perhaps the following paſſage in Chapman's verſion of the eighth book of Homer's *Odyſſey* may countenance the old reading:
" —— a moſt dreadful fight
" *Daring againſt him.*" STEEVENS.
The old reading is perhaps right. *An oppoſite* is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers, for *an adverſary.* So, in *Twelfth Night*: " — your *oppoſite* hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withal." Again: " — and his *oppoſite* the youth, bears in his viſage no preſage of cruelty." So, in *Blurt Mr. Conſtable*, a comedy by Middleton, 1602: " — to ſtrengthen us againſt all *oppoſites.*" The ſenſe then ſhould ſeem to be, that king Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adverſary he meets with to every danger attending ſingle combat.* MALONE.

6 *A horſe! a horſe!* &c.] In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, the Moor calls out in the ſame manner:
" A horſe, a horſe, villain, a horſe!
" That I may take the river ſtrait, and fly!
" —— Here is a horſe, my lord,
" As ſwiftly pac'd as Pegaſus.
This paſſage in Shakſpeare appears to have been imitated by ſeveral of the old writers, if not ſtolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:
" —— a horſe! a horſe!
" Ten kingdoms, for a horſe to enter Troy!" STEEVENS.
Marſton ſeems to have imitated this line in his *Satires*, 1599:
" A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!"
In his *What you will*, 1607, (as Mr. Reed has obſerved) he has quoted Shakſpeare's line *verbatim.* MALONE.

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horſe.

K. Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be ſix Richmonds in the field;
Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him [7]:—
A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe [8]! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flouriſh. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY, *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well haſt thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, theſe long-uſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

[7] *Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him:—*] Shakſpeare had employed this incident with hiſtorical propriety in the firſt Part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if poſſible, to engage with Richmond in ſingle combat. For this purpoſe he rode furiouſly to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his ſtandard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then aſſaulted Sir John Cheny, whom he overthrew: having thus at length cleared his way to his antagoniſt, he engaged in ſingle combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that inſtant Sir William Stanley with three thouſand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was ſoon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the laſt moment. MALONE.

[8] *A horſe! a horſe!* &c.] Some inquiry hath been made for the firſt performers of the capital characters of Shakſpeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roſcius* of Camden, was the original Richard, from a paſſage in the poems of biſhop Corbet; who introduces his hoſt at Boſworth deſcribing the battle:

"But when he would have ſaid king Richard died,
"And call'd *a horſe, a horſe*, he Burbage cried." FARMER.

Rich.

Richm. Great God of heaven, ſay, amen, to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter town;
Whither, if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are ſlain on either ſide?
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and ſir William Brandon.
Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament[9],
We will unite the white roſe and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and ſays not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd herſelf;
The brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
The ſon, compell'd, been butcher to the ſire;
All this divided York and Lancaſter,
Divided, in their dire diviſion[1].—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be ſo,)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac'd peace,
With ſmiling plenty, and fair proſperous days!

9 — *as we have ta'en the ſacrament,*] So, in Holinſhed, p. 745: "The earle himſelfe firſt tooke a corporall oth on his honor, promiſing that incontinent after he ſhuld be poſſeſſed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth, daughter to king Edward the fourth." STEEVENS.

1 *All* this *divided York and Lancaſter,*
Divided, in their dire diviſion.—] I think the paſſage will be ſomewhat improved by a ſlight alteration:

All that *divided York and Lancaſter,*
Divided in their dire diviſion,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.

Let them *unite all that* York and Lancaſter divided. JOHNSON.

Abate

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in ſtreams of blood!
Let them not live to taſte this land's increaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are ſtopp'd, peace lives again;
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay—Amen[2]! [*Exeunt.*

[2] This is one of the moſt celebrated of our authour's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praiſed moſt, when praiſe is not moſt deſerved. That his play has ſcenes noble in themſelves, and very well contrived to ſtrike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But ſome parts are trifling, others ſhocking, and ſome improbable. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnſon in thinking that this play from its firſt exhibition to the preſent hour has been eſtimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many alluſions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it paſſed through, I ſuſpect it was more often repreſented and more admired than any of our authour's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in ſome meaſure aroſe from the deteſtation in which Richard's character was juſtly held, which muſt have operated more ſtrongly on thoſe whoſe grand-fathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronized by the queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleaſed at ſeeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the ſcene. MALONE.

P. 3. *The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.*] The oldeſt known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wiſe, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the tranſlation of *Arioſto*, ſays, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terriſie all tyrannous minded men," &c. T. WARTON.

It appears from the following paſſage in the preface to Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: "—or his fellow codſhead, that in the Latine tragedy of *K. Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*" STEEVENS.

The play on this ſubject mentioned by ſir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and ſometimes miſtaken for Shakſpeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our univerſity, ſome years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Muſeum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childiſh

A childiſh imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

The Latin play of Richard III. (Mſs. *Harl.* n. 6926,) has the author's name,—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586. TYRWHITT.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *King Richard III.* "acted in St. John's Cambridge, ſo eſſentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at ſight of his inhuman maſſacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry. "An enterlude, intitled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is ſhown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the ſmotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houſes of Lancaſter and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakſpeare, unleſs he afterwards diſmiſſed the death of Jane Shore, as an unneceſſary incident, when he reviſed the play. Perhaps, however, it might be ſome tranſlation of Lacey's play, at the end of the firſt act of which is, "The ſhowe of the proceſſion. 1. Tipſtaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticote, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queriſters. 5. Singingmen. 6. Prebendary. 7. Biſhoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewiſe a Latin ſong ſung on this occaſion in MS. Harl. 2412. STEEVENS.

The Engliſh *King Richard III.* which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and which, it may be preſumed, had been exhibited ſome years before, was probably written by the authour of *The Contention of the two houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter.* MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I. p. 520.

THUS like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occaſioned our ſaying ſomething of the barbarities of theatrical repreſentations amongſt us before the time of Shakſpeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehenſion of this whole matter, to give the reader ſome general account of the riſe and progreſs of the modern ſtage.

The firſt form in which the drama appeared in the weſt of Europe, after the deſtruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulneſs had finiſhed upon letters what the rage of barbariſm had begun, was that of the Myſteries. Theſe were the faſhionable and favourite diverſions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which laſt place, as we learn by Stow, they were in uſe about the time of Richard the ſecond and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the firſt rudiments of their ſtage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane ſubjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes*: by which means they got ſooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongſt them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As

As to theſe *myſteries*, they were, as their name ſpeaks them, a repreſentation of ſome ſcripture-ſtory, *to the life*: as may be ſeen from the following paſſage in an old French hiſtory, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz, compoſée par le curé de St. Eucbaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the ſurpriſing abſurdity of theſe ſtrange repreſentations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*ſays the honeſt Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Paſſion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un ſire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchaſtel, lequel etoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut preſque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût eté ſecourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Perſonnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Reſurrection, et fit trés hautement ſon perſonage; & dura le dit Jeu—Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui eſtoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut preſque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les diables y vouloient entrer et iſſer; & avoit deux groſs culs d'acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of repreſentations archbiſhop Harſnet, in his *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, p. 71. ſays, "The little children were never ſo afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, ſtaring eyes, and foul bottle noſe." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller deſcription of them in theſe words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in Engliſh a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Corniſh out of ſome ſcripture hiſtory. For repreſenting it, they raiſe an earthen amphitheatre in ſome open field, having the diameter of an incloſed playne, ſome 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all ſides many miles off, to hear and ſee it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in theſe *myſteries*, to make the people mirth with his ſufferings or abſurdities: and they could think of no better a perſonage to ſuſtain this part than the *devil* himſelf. Even in the *myſtery* of the *Paſſion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumſtance is hinted at by Shakſpeare (who has frequent alluſions to theſe things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players aſks for *a little vinegar* (as a *property*) *to make the devil roar* *. For after the ſponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the repreſentation, they uſed to clap it to the noſe of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diverſion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in uſe to torment their devil. We have divers old Engliſh proverbs, in which the devil is repreſented as acting or ſuffering ridiculouſly and abſurdly, which all aroſe from

* This is not in Shakſpeare's play, but in the *old* play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. MALONE.

the

the part he bore in theſe *myſteries*, as in that, for inſtance, of—*Great cry and little wool, as the devil ſaid when he ſheered his hogs.* For the ſheep-ſhearing of Nabal being repreſented in the *myſtery of David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *ſhearing a hog*. This kind of abſurdity, as it is the propereſt to create laughter, was the ſubject of the *ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from theſe words of ſaint Auſtin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi ſolent, et optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum.* Civ. D. l. iv.

Theſe *myſteries*, we ſee, were given in France at firſt, as well as in England *ſub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company eſtabliſhed in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to repreſent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the firſt, the ſtupidity and prophaneneſs of the *myſteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their intereſt for their ſuppreſſion. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, preſented a *requeſt* againſt the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge againſt them were, that the repreſentation of the Old Teſtament ſtories inclined the people to Judaiſm; that the New Teſtament ſtories encouraged libertiniſm and infidelity; and that both of them leſſened the charities to the poor: It ſeems that this proſecution ſucceeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the poſſeſſion of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the repreſentation of the *myſteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongſt them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he ſhows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epick* (which, he ſays, [B. IV. c. 20.] *tambien puede eſcrivirſe en proſa como en verſo;*) as the *myſtery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His word are [ib. 21.] *Pues que ſi venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falſos fingen en ellas, que de coſas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribueyendo a un ſanto los milagros de otro*; which made them ſo fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas* as he calls them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themſelves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we ſoon followed them: the publick taſte not ſuffering any greater alteration at firſt, though the Italians at this time afforded many juſt compoſitions for better models. Theſe farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of theſe *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l' Homme Obſtiné*. The perſons of the drama are *l'Homme Obſtiné*—*Pugnition Divine*—*Simonie*—*Hypocriſie*—and *Demerites Communes*. The *Homme Obſtiné* is the atheiſt, and comes in blaſpheming, and determined to perſiſt in his impieties. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, ſitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheiſt with puniſhment. After this ſcene, *Simonie*, *Hypocriſie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In concluſion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to

play

them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in ſhort, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obſtiné*, who perſiſts in his impiety, and is deſtroyed for an example. To this ſad ſerious ſubject they added, though in a ſeparate repreſentation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottie*, in which there was *un Payſan* [the *clown*] under the name of *Sot-Commun* [or *Fool.*] But we, who borrowed all theſe delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottié* together: So that the *Payſan* or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our ſerious *moralities*: Whoſe buſineſs we may underſtand in the frequent alluſions our Shakſpeare makes to them: as in that fine ſpeech in the beginning of the third act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, where we have this obſcure paſſage:

" —— *merely thou art* Death's Fool;
" *For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,*
" *And yet runn'ſt toward him ſtill.*"

For, in theſe *moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to ſhew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*) is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a repreſentation of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very ſame thing is again alluded to in theſe lines of *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" *So* Portent-*like I would o'er-rule his ſtate,*
" *That he ſhould be my* Fool, *and I his* Fate." Act IV. ſc. ii.

But the French, as we ſay, keeping theſe two ſorts of farces diſtinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel ſpecies, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*.

WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Diſſertation is ſubjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

—like *the old* Vice —] The alluſion here * is to *the Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of aſs's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakſpeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV:

" *In a trice, like to the old Vice;—*
" *Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,*
" *Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil.*"

In the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* Act III. Falſtaff compares Shallow to a *Vice's* dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle:

A vice of kings.

i. e. a ridiculous repreſentation of majeſty. Theſe paſſages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention ſome others, which ſeem to have eſcaped their notice, the alluſions being not quite ſo obvious.

The Iniquity was often the *Vice* in our old moralities; and is introduced

* i. e. in p. 3 of Mr. Upton's book, where the words—*like the old Vice*—occur. MALONE.

troduced in Ben Jonſon's play called *The Devil's an Aſs*: and likewiſe mentioned in his Epigr. cxv:

" *Being no vitious perſon, but* the Vice
" *About the town,*
" *Acts* old Iniquity, *and in the fit*
" *Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit.*"

But a paſſage cited from his play will make the following obſervations more plain. Act I. Pug aſks the Devil " to lend him a *Vice*:

" *Satan.* What *Vice?*
" What kind would thou have it of?
" *Pug.* Why, any *Fraud,*
" Or *Covetouſneſs,* or lady *Vanity,*
" Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

Thus the paſſage ſhould be ordered:

" *Pug.* Why any: *Fraud,*
" Or *Covetouſneſs,* or lady *Vanity,*
" Or old *Iniquity.*"
" *Satan.* I'll call him hither.
" *Enter* Iniquity *the Vice.*
" *Ini.* What is he calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack a
" *Vice?*
" Ere his words be half ſpoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, Act II:

" *Mirth.* How like you *the Vice* i' th' play?
" *Expectation.* Which is he?
" *Mirth.* Three or four; *old Covetouſneſs,* the ſordid *Penny-*
" *boy,* the *Money-bawd,* who is a fleſh-bawd too, they ſay.
" *Tattle.* But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away.
" Beſides, he has never a wooden dagger! I'd not give a ruſh
" for a *Vice,* that has not a wooden dagger to ſnap at every
" body he meets.
" *Mirth.* That was the old way, goſſip, when *Iniquity* came
" in, like hokos pokos, in a juggler's jerkin," &c.

He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Alchymiſt*, Act I. ſc. iii:

" *Sub.* And, on your ſtall, a puppet, with a *Vice.*"

Some places of Shakſpeare will from hence appear more eaſy: as in the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* Act II. where Hall humourouſly characterizing Falſtaff, calls him, *That reverend* Vice, *that grey* Iniquity, *that father* Ruffian, *that* Vanity *in years,* in alluſion to this buffoon character. In *K. Richard III.* Act III.

Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Iniquity is the formal Vice. Some correct the paſſage,

Thus, like the formal-wiſe antiquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Which correction is out of all rule of criticiſm. In *Hamlet*, Act I. there is an alluſion, ſtill more diſtant, to *the Vice*; which will not be obvious at firſt, and therefore is to be introduced with a ſhort explana-

tion.

tion. This buffoon character was uſed to make ſun with the Devil; and he had ſeveral trite expreſſions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there?* &c. And this was great entertainment to the audience, to ſee their old enemy ſo belabour'd in effigy. In *King Henry V.* Act iv. a boy characterizing Piſtol, ſays, *Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been inſtructed by his father's ghoſt, is reſolved to break the ſubject of the diſcourſe to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a ſort of madman; when therefore the oath of ſecrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghoſt unſeen calls out *ſwear*; Hamlet ſpeaks to it as *the Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, ſayſt thou ſo? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels ſhould imagine this was a ſhape that the devil had put on; and in Act III. he is ſomewhat of this opinion himſelf,

——*The ſpirit that I have ſeen,*
May be the devil.

The manner of ſpeech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in ſome meaſure from the horror of the ſcene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the beſt weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, τρύπανον, *vetera-tor*. Which word the Scholiaſt on Ariſtophanes' Clouds, ver. 447. explains, τέμνει, ἢ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοῖς πραγμασιν, ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I ſhould not hit on the right, I ſhould only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality perſonalized as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Heſiod and Æſchylus; *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itſelf is a perſon, B. xi. 517:

"*And took* his *image whom they ſerv'd, a bruti*ſh Vice."

his image, i. e. a bruiſh *Vice's* image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without ſome alluſion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as vice-roy, vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his maſter, like moſt other vice-roys, or prime miniſters. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime miniſter; and 'tis this that makes him ſo ſawcy.

UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only ſupplies him with abſurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be anſwered.

I have nothing to add to the obſervations of theſe learned criticks, but that ſome traces of this antiquated exhibition are ſtill retained in the ruſtick puppet-plays, in which I have ſeen the *Devil* very luſtily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate ſucceſſor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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